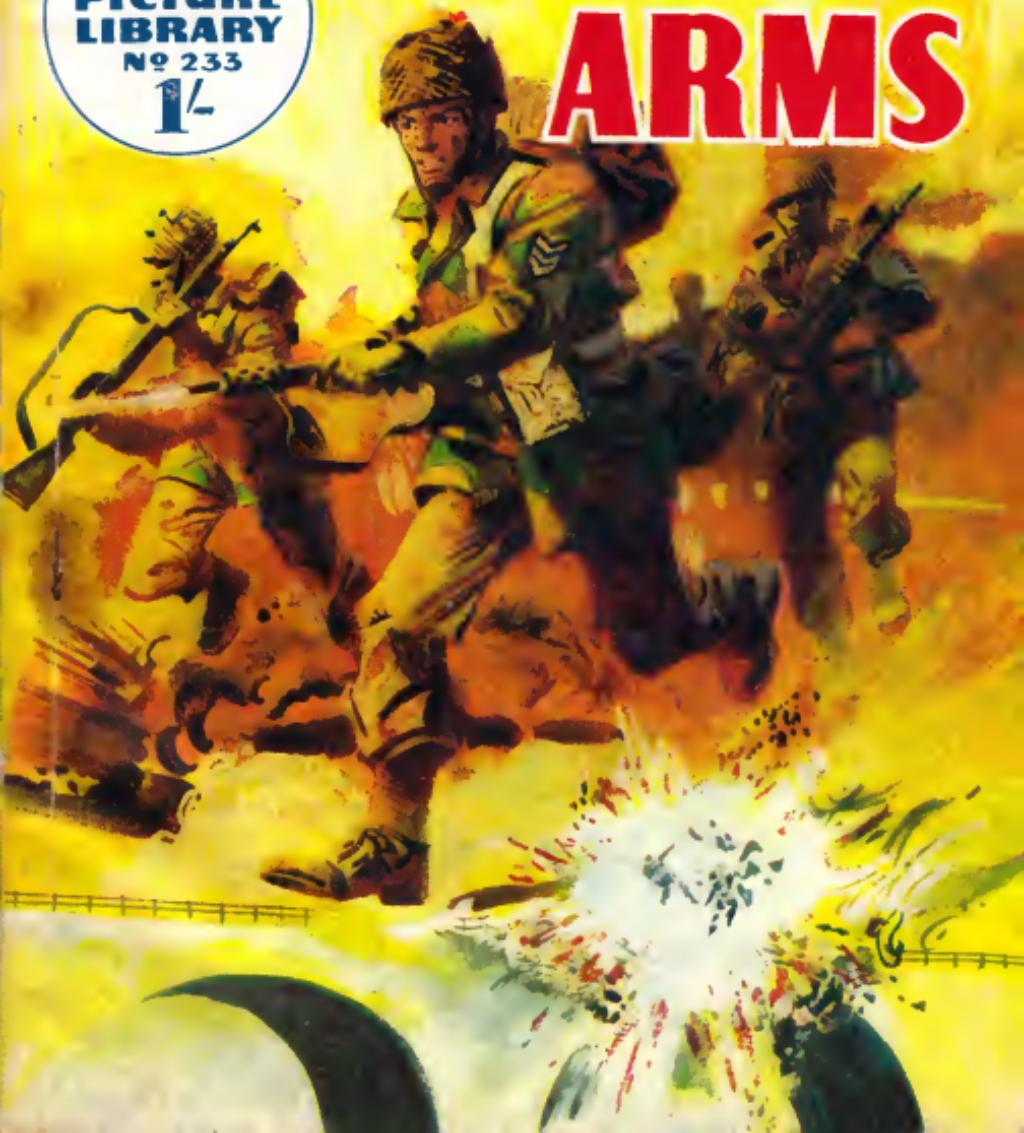


# UP IN ARMS



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# UP IN ARMS

SOME MEN ARE BORN FIGHTERS, BUT THAT DOES NOT NECESSARILY MAKE THEM GOOD SOLDIERS, FOR A SOLDIER MUST ACCEPT DISCIPLINE AND OBEY ORDERS. HUGHIE LYNCH WAS A FIGHTER... FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME.



## Chapter 1. Common Bond

HUSHIE STARTED LIFE IN A GLASGOW TENEMENT. HE KNEW POVERTY, HUNGER, UNEMPLOYMENT. AT TWENTY-ONE, HE WAS A STOCKY, TEAK-TOUGH TROUBLE-MAKER.



IT TOOK THREE BATTERED AND BLEEDING CONSTABLES TO HAUL LYNCH TO THE SQUAD CAR.

LYNCH, YOU ARE A MENACE TO SOCIETY. THIS TIME I'M GOING TO FINE YOU...BUT IF YOU APPEAR HERE AGAIN YOU'LL GO TO PRISON!



LYNCH WAS A TEARAWAY, A SWORN ENEMY OF AUTHORITY, BUT...BESIDES HIS COURAGE...HE HAD A CERTAIN TWISTED HONESTY.

IT'S A SNIP, HUGHIE. THERE'S ONLY AN AULD WATCHMAN THERE AT NIGHTS. THE PLACE IS STUFFED WI' CIGARETTES.



THEN, ONE NIGHT, AN OVER-ZEALOUS C.I.D. MAN WAS FOUND IN AN ALLEY AFTER A SAVAGE ATTACK. LYNCH CAME UNDER SUSPICION.

WHO DID IT, STEWART? JUST SAY AND WE'LL DO THE REST. WAS IT LYNCH?

I DINNA KEN. ME CAME AT ME IN THE DARK.



*Up In Arms*

WORD WENT BACK TO FATHER NOLAN, THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD EVER PENETRATED THE WALL OF SUSPICION LYNCH HAD BUILT ABOUT HIMSELF.



SO HUGHIE LYNCH SET OUT TO HITCH-HIKE TO ENGLAND. ALL HE HAD WAS FATHER NOLAN'S POUND, THE CLOTHES HE WORE...AND THE FLASH-POINT TEMPER OF A CLYDESIDER FIGHTING MAN.



THE SCENE CHANGES TO FRODINGHAM IN THE INDUSTRIAL HEART OF ENGLAND. JOHN FAIRFAX WAS OPERATING A SMALL TRANSPORT BUSINESS IN PARTNERSHIP WITH EDDIE CARSON. FAIRFAX WAS YOUNG, DRIVEN ON BY AMBITION.

UPTON'S WANTED A LOAD DELIVERED AT THE EAST INDIAN DOCKS FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING, JOHN. I TOLD THEM IT COULDN'T BE DONE.



FAIRFAX WAS PUNISHING HIS BODY WITH OVERWORK. BUT HE HAD A DREAM OF A FLEET OF TRUCKS... AND WHAT IS YOUTH WITHOUT A DREAM?

BUT YOU'VE HAD NO REST FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! YOU'RE HALF DEAD FROM LACK OF SLEEP, MAN.



## Up In Arms

IT WAS IN THE WINTER OF 1941. THE GERMAN BLITZES WERE BUILDING UP IN FEROCITY AND LONDON'S DOCKLAND WAS A JUICY TARGET.



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING . . .

CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING YET,  
SON. JERRY PUT US THROUGH  
THE MINCER LAST NIGHT.  
THE PLACE IS A SHAMBLES.

OKAY, I'LL  
WAIT HERE TILL  
YOU CAN.



DEAD-TIRED, FAIRFAX GOT BACK TO FRODINGHAM IN THE LATE AFTERNOON.

EDDIE WENT OUT TO SEE SOMEONE. BY THE WAY, THERE'S A CHEQUE BEEN RETURNED BY THE BANK. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MONEY TO COVER IT.

THAT'S A LOT OF BOLONEY! I GAVE EDDIE THREE HUNDRED QUID TO BANK LAST WEEK!



THEN CARSON CAME IN AND THE TRUTH WAS OUT!

LISTEN, JOHN! I GOT HOOKED UP WITH A GAMBLING SCHOOL. I HAD TO FIND THE MONEY OR... I PROMISE I'LL PAY IT BACK... EVERY PENNY.



GO HOME, JENNIE. I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO DISCUSS WITH MISTER CARSON!

HE WAS ALONE WITH THE MAN WHO HAD BETRAYED HIS TRUST AND DESTROYED HIS DREAMS.

I'VE WORKED DAY AND NIGHT FLOGGING THAT WAGON UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY TO MAKE MONEY. NOW IT'S ALL GONE FOR NOTHING.

I'LL PAY IT ALL BACK, JOHN!  
I PROMISE!



## Up In Arms

JOHN'S HANDS CLOSED ON THE SCRAPPY THROAT,  
AND HE SHOOK THE OTHER FURIOUSLY.

YOU THIEVING LITTLE RAT!  
YOU'VE BEEN ROBBING  
ME ALL ALONG. NONE OF  
MY BILLS HAVE BEEN  
PAID. I OWE MONEY  
EVERYWHERE. YOU'VE  
RUINED ME!

JOHN! FOR  
PITY'S SAKE...  
DON'T! YOU'RE...  
KILLING ME!

THEN...MERCIFULLY... SANITY  
RETURNED. FAIRFAX HURLED THE  
EMBEZZLER AWAY FROM HIM.

GET OUT OF HERE! IF  
I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN,  
EDDIE... I'LL KILL YOU!  
GET OUT!



THAT NIGHT, FAIRFAX CONFIDED IN HIS FATHER.

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, JOHNNY.  
PROSECUTE HIM!

WHAT'S THE USE, DAD? IT  
WOULDN'T HELP ME. I'M  
SKINNED. I'LL MAKE MY  
WAY DOWN TO LONDON.  
AND GET A JOB... OR  
ELSE ENLIST.



MEANWHILE, HUGHIE LYNCH HAD HITCH-HIKED TO THE NORTHERN FRINGES OF LONDON. NIGHT WAS CLOSING IN AS HE CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE LORRY.

THIS IS AS FAR AS I  
GO. YOU'LL FIND A  
GOOD CAFE FARTHER  
DOWN. SO LONG,  
JOCK.



THANKS FOR  
THE LIFT, PAL...  
BUT DON'T CALL ME  
JOCK. I DON'T LIKE IT!

AND SO TWO STRANDS IN THE TANGLED WEB  
OF FATE WERE GATHERED UP AND BROUGHT  
HUGHIE LYNCH AND JOHN FAIRFAX TOGETHER.

HAND ME THE  
SAUCE-BOTTLE,  
PAL.

IF YE WANT IT, COME  
AND GET IT. DO YE TAKE  
ME FOR A WAITER  
OR SOMETHING?



*Up In Arms*

THE TRIGGER-TEMPERED CLYDESIDER AND THE TOUGH MIDLANDER EYED EACH OTHER FOR A LONG SECOND, BRISTLING LIKE STRANGE DOGS. THEN FAIRFAX GRINNED . . .

TAKE IT EASY, JOCK. YOU'RE IN CIVILISED PARTS NOW. ANYWAY, YOU'RE TOO SMALL TO BE AWKWARD!

IS THAT SO? I CAN HANDLE YOUR KIND ANYTIME, YE LONG-JAWED ENGLISH WIND-BAG!

JOIN THE  
MILITARY



LYNCH WAS A NATURAL FIGHTER. FAIRFAX HAD THE EXPERIENCE OF A SCORE OF BRAWLS IN THE ROAD TRANSPORT JUNGLE WHERE MEN OFTEN FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR HAULAGE JOBS.



OUTSIDE, THE NIGHTMARE WAIL OF SIRENS ANNOUNCED THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER LONG NIGHT OF HAVOC AND TERROR.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR ANOTHER BASHING, SID. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE AFTER THIS TIME?

I WOULDN'T KNOW, BERT. I'VE GOT A CALL FROM ERNIE'S CAFE. TWO ROUGHNECKS JUST STARTED A FIGHT. GIVE US A HAND, WILL YOU?



## Up In Arms



BUT AS THEY BEGAN TO FINISH THEIR FIGHT, A STICK OF BOMBS STRADDLED THE STREETS. THE NIGHT SEEMED TO BURST APART IN FLAME AND TORTURED SOUND . . .



IN THE DEATHLY SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED,  
FAIRFAX CLIMBED TO HIS FEET AND  
LOOKED ROUND. HIS BRUISED FACE  
TAUTENED WITH SHOCK AND HORROR.

TAKE A LOOK AT THE  
CAFE, JOCK! A DIRECT  
HIT! THEY'VE WIPEP  
IT OUT!

AYE, THE  
DIRTY  
MURDERERS!

## Up In Arms

A TEMPORARY TRUCE WAS DECLARED WHILE THE TWO MEN TURNED TO HELP THE AMBULANCE AND FIRE SQUADS IN THE GRIM BUSINESS OF RESCUE WORK.

LOOK AT YON! FAIR SICKENS YE! THE ROTTEN JERRY SCUM! I'D LIKE TO GET MA HANDS ON 'EM.



SOMETHING IN THE QUIET VOICE AND STEEL-STEDY EYES SILENCED LYNCH'S INSTINCTIVE REACTION OF ANGER AND SUSPICION.

WHAT ARE YOU  
GETTING AT,  
SOLDIER?

THIS IS YOUR FIGHT, CHUM.  
THE ONLY WAY WE CAN  
STOP THESE RATS IS TO HIT  
BACK WITH ALL WE'VE GOT.  
YOU CAN DO THAT BEST  
IN THE ARMY.



FAIRFAX'S IMAGINATION LEAPED UP TO MEET THE SOLDIER'S CHALLENGE.

HE'S RIGHT, JOCK. WE  
ALL BELONG IN THIS. I'M  
JOINING UP TOMORROW.

NOBODY TELLS ME  
WHAT TO DO, PAL! I GO  
MA OWN WAY!



LYNCH'S FIERY TEMPER SPARKED FAIRFAX TO SWIFT ANGER.

YOU BET YOU DO, JOCK!  
IF THE ARMY TOOK YOU,  
YOU'D PROBABLY SPEND  
HALF YOUR TIME IN  
THE GLASSHOUSE  
ANYWAY!

IS THAT SO? I'D MAKE  
A BETTER SOJER  
THAN YOU EVEN THEN!  
COME ON, WE'LL  
PROVE IT! GET  
YOUR FISTS UP!



AS FAIRFAYX TURNED ON HIS TORMENTOR, A STICK OF BOMBS STRUCK IN HAMMERBLOWS OF SOUND AND DESTRUCTION. WHEN THE SMOKE 'AD CLEARED . . .

LOOKS LIKE YOUR MATE CLEARED OFF.  
HE'S A TOUGH ONE, THAT!

HE'S NO MATE OF MINE,  
SOLDIER. JUST A CROSS-GRAINED LITTLE SCOTTIE  
THAT'S NO GOOD TO MAN NOR BEAST!



*Up In Arms*

AND SO THE VAST WAR-MACHINE TOOK IN FAIRFAX AND STARTED TO MOULD HIM INTO A TOUGH, DISCIPLINED FIGHTING-MAN.



FAIRFAX'S TEMPERAMENT FITTED IN PERFECTLY WITH ARMY LIFE. HE LIKED RESPONSIBILITY AND HE WAS A NATURAL LEADER.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING FAIRFAX, SERGEANT. HE'S GOOD MATERIAL. MIGHT BE WORTH CONSIDERING FOR PROMOTION LATER.



HE'LL MAKE A  
GOOD SOLDIER, SIR,  
ONCE WE'VE RUBBED THE  
CORNERS OFF HIM.

AND SO, IN THE FULNESS OF TIME, LANCE-CORPORAL FAIRFAX COMPLETED HIS TRAINING AND WAS POSTED TO A CRACK INFANTRY UNIT. A FEW WEEKS LATER...



A MONTH LATER HE GOT HIS FIRST BLOODYING IN ACTION. HE WAS ON A DESERT RECONNAISSANCE PATROL WITH AN EIGHTH ARMY VETERAN.

SEE THAT STUFF OUT THERE, JOHN? JUST MILES AND MILES OF SWEET NOTHING BUT SAND. WELL, DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU, MATE. ROMMEL'S OVER THERE WITH HIS DIRTY GREAT PANZERS!



## Up In Arms

AS THE RECCOE CAR LURCHED AND SLITHERED DOWN THE SAND RIDGE, A GERMAN OUTPOST WATCHED IT.



A BRITISH ARMoured CAR! WE ARE IN LUCK. IT'S COMING THIS WAY. HOLD YOUR FIRE, THEN AIM AT THE VENTS AND THE TYRES.

THE PATROL CAR GROUNDED TO A HALT, A PERFECT TARGET SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE CLEAR BLUE SKY. THEN THE GERMAN GUNS CUT LOOSE.



A JERRY POST! LEARY, SWING HER ROUND AND OUT!

WHEEL'S SHOT AWAY, SARGE, AND LEARY'S DEAD! WE'RE STUCK!

COOLLY, METHODICALLY, THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNNERS HOSED THE STRANDED CAR WITH THEIR HEAVY, ARMOUR-PIERCING BULLETS.



ONE SLUG PENETRATED A HALF-SHUT VENT AND FOUND THE PETROL TANK. THERE WAS A WHOOSH OF FLAME!



THEY LAY THERE, PINNED DOWN BY A CREEPING, SEARCHING BARRAGE OF BULLETS.

THEY'RE DUG IN BEHIND THAT RIDGE. IF THEIR SHOTS BRING UP A JERRY PANZER... WE'RE FINISHED! THEY'LL JUST GRIND US INTO THE GROUND.

LOOK, SARGE  
...OVER THERE!



THOSE GULLEYS . . . IF I COULD GET INTO ONE UNSEEN AND WORK MY WAY ROUND THEIR FLANK, I MIGHT GET NEAR ENOUGH TO RUSH 'EM.

THEY'LL PROBABLY CUT YOU TO PIECES BEFORE YOU GOT NEAR, FAIRFAX. BUT IT'S JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO HAVE A CHANCE.

FAIRFAX EXPECTED THE KILLING IMPACT OF ENEMY BULLETS WITH EVERY YARD OF THE WAY.

I USED TO PLAY THIS STUFF IN THE CUB PACK . . . BUT THEY DIDN'T USE MACHINE GUNS THEN! THIS TIME WE'RE PLAYING FOR KEEPS!

AT LAST, ONE OF THE GERMAN GUN-CREW SAW FAIRFAX . . .

DONNERWETTER!  
ACHTUNG! THERE'S ONE  
. . . ON OUR RIGHT! GET  
THE GUN ON HIM,  
SCHNELL!

FAIRFAX HEARD THE WARNING, SAW THE VICIOUS STEEL SNOUT SWINGING ROUND ON HIM. HE GRITTED HIS TEETH AND BEGAN TO RUN.

ACH, TOMMY! YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN... OR A FOOL! CUT HIM DOWN, KURT!



THEN THE FORTUNE THAT SOMETIMES FAVOURS LOST CAUSES AND DESPERATE FIGHTING-MEN, SWUNG THE BALANCE ROUND TO FAIRFAX.

YOU FOOLS!  
LEAVE HIM TO  
ME! I'LL...  
AAHH!

IT'S JAMMED!  
WE CAN'T...



## Up In Arms

ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE NAZI GUNNERS DIED AT THEIR SPANDAU.



SUDDENLY IT WAS OVER.  
NICE WORK, KID! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WAR'S REALLY ABOUT. WE'LL FIND OUR WAY BACK TO CAMP BEFORE THESE BOYS' PLAYMATES COME OUT TO RELIEVE THEM. LET'S GO.



A ROVING RECONNAISSANCE UNIT PICKED THEM UP AND DROVE THEM BACK TO CAMP. AS THEY CAME OUT OF THE INTELLIGENCE TENT...

LOOKS LIKE A NEW DRAFT COMING IN. SEEMS THEY CAN'T WAIT TO GET INTO ACTION, TOO.

I THINK I KNOW ONE OF 'EM!  
IT'S THE LITTLE JOCK!



## Chapter 2. Strange Reunion

IT WAS LYNCH, THE FIERY LITTLE SCOT, PRICKLY AS A CACTUS, DRAWING FIGHTS AS A MAGNET DRAWS IRON FILINGS!



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, FAIRFAX MET NOSHER GRIFFIN, AN EAST END COCKNEY ... TOUGH, RESOURCEFUL, HUMOROUS.

S  
JUST BECAUSE I CALLED HIM A BANDY-LEGGED LITTLE SO-AND-SO! SOME PEOPLE ARE TOO SENSITIVE!



## Up In Arms

LYNCH HAD LOST NONE OF HIS GIFT FOR RAW ACID-STINGING INSULT.

SO YOU MADE IT, JOCK. WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! YOU'LL BE THE BIG ENGLISH GOWK I CLOBBERED YON NIGHT IN THE AIR-RAID. I SEE YE'RE A LANCE-JACK NOW. HOW MANY DRINKS DID YE BUY YER SERGEANT FOR THAT!

IT WAS THE OLD, FAMILIAR LYNCH... PAYING RESPECT OR LOYALTY TO NO MAN.

SO YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE APE! HE'S BEEN A HANDFUL. I'VE PUT HIM ON SO MANY FIZZERS I'VE RUN OUT OF CHARGES! THAT COCKNEY'S NO BETTER!

THEY'LL SETTLE DOWN, I EXPECT.



IT WAS THE IRONY OF WAR THAT HAD BROUGHT THE THREE ODDLY-ASSORTED MEN TOGETHER... AND FINALLY LAUNCHED THEM TOGETHER IN BATTLE.

COR, THIS IS A TURN-UP, WHAT MADE MONTY GO FOR THIS NIGHT-FIGHTING STUFF? CAN'T HE SLEEP AT NIGHTS?

WHY DON'T YE RUN FOR IT, MOSHER? NOBODY'LL SEE YE.

SHUT UP, YOU TWO!



THEN FAIRFAX GOT A GLIMPSE OF THE FIGHTING QUALITIES OF THE SCOT AND THE COCKNEY. TWO MISFITS WITH ONE THING IN COMMON...A BLIND, RECKLESS COURAGE.

SAVE SOME FOR ME, ME LITTLE SCOTCH BANTAM!

COME ON, YE ENGLISH LUGS! YE WANT TO LIVE FOREVER?



WHEN THE GERMAN RESISTANCE IN NORTH AFRICA WAS BATTERED AND BEATEN INTO THE DESERT SAND, THE THREE KEPT TOGETHER...WELDED BY A STRANGE BOND OF SARDONIC CONTEMPT FOR EACH OTHER.

NOW WATCH IT, JOCK!  
WE'RE HAVING A DAY ON THE TOWN. NO MORE FIGHTS LIKE LAST TIME OR YOU'LL BE ON JANKERS AGAIN.

ARE YE GETTING WINDY OR SOMETHIN'?  
DON'T LET THAT STRIPE GANG TO YER HEAD!



## Up In Arms

THE WILD AND THE LAWLESS... TWO CHILDREN OF THE GUTTERS.

FOR PETE'S SAKE!  
WHERE DID YOU  
GET THAT,  
NOSHER?

KNOCKED IT OFF  
A BARRER, MATE.  
TRY A SLICE. IT'S  
LOVELY!

SOME TIME LATER, THE NEWS CAME THROUGH TO FAIRFAX. HE WAS TO BE TRANSFERRED TO A NEWLY-FORMED PARATROOPER DIVISION FOR TRAINING.

WHAT'S THE IDEA,  
TOSH? YOU LOOKING  
FOR A CUSHY  
CRIB?

NO! I JUST  
WANTED TO GET  
AWAY FROM  
YOU TWO  
SCRUFFS!



PARATROOPS, EH? WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A BASH, JOCK? YOU'RE SO SMALL, YOU WON'T EVEN NEED A PARACHUTE. THEY COULD LET YOU DOWN WITH A HANDKERCHIEF!

YOU'RE ASKIN'  
FOR IT, YE BIG,  
BENT-NOSED  
COCKNEY  
LUG!



THERE WAS AN OMINOUS GLINT IN THE EYE OF THE FORMER LONDON BARROW-BOY THAT MADE FAIRFAX UNEASY.

WOULDN'T MIND HAVING A BASH AT IT MESELF. IT COULD BE WANGLED.

LAY OFF, NOSHER! THEY WOULDN'T TAKE YOU TWO LAYABOUTS!

IS THAT SO, PAL? MAYBE YED' LIKE TO BET ON IT!



A WEEK LATER FAIRFAX LEFT TO JOIN HIS NEW UNIT.

SO LONG! BE SEEING YOU . . . SOMETIME.

I SHOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED, JOHNNY. IT'S A SMALL WORLD.



## Up In Arms

BACK IN ENGLAND, FAIRFAX WENT INTO TRAINING WITH THE NEWLY-FORMED PARATROOP DIVISION. A SCHOOL OF BATTLE-HARDENED MEN LEARNING THE NEW TECHNIQUES OF AIR ASSAULT WHICH THE NAZIS HAD PIONEERED.

THIS IS YOUR FIRST REAL DROP, SON. REMEMBER WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED... FALL LIKE A SHOT RABBIT WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND AND GET THOSE SHROUD-LINES UNDER CONTROL. OKAY, GET GOING!



FEROCIOUS TRAINING SCHEDULES DESIGNED TO TEST A MAN UNDER STRESS, TO PROBE HIS WEAKNESSES AND HIS HIDDEN RESERVES OF COURAGE.





## Up In Arms



SUDDENLY FAIRFAX DECIDED IT HAD GONE TOO FAR.

LISTEN, SARGE . I KNOW THOSE TWO MEN. THEY'RE A PAIR OF CRAZY CHANCERS! THEY'VE NEVER MADE A DROP BEFORE! YOU CAN'T LET THEM GO UP!

THEIR PAPERS SAY THEY'RE EXPERTS. I'VE GOT THE C.O.'S INSTRUCTIONS. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME, FAIRFAX. THEY'RE GOING UP! WE'LL SOON KNOW IF THEY'RE BLUFFING!



DRY-MOUTHED, FAIRFAX WATCHED THE DRONING TRANSPORT HIGH ABOVE HIM. TWO DOLL-LIKE FIGURES FELL FROM THE HATCH. ONE PARACHUTE BALLOONED OUT... BUT THE OTHER... ?

HE ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT!



PULL YOUR RING, MAN! PULL!



AT BARELY A HUNDRED FEET THE PARACHUTE MUSHROOMED OPEN AND LYNCH HIT THE GROUND IN A TANGLE OF SHROUDS.

YOU THICK-SKULLED SCREWBALL! YOU GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK! WHAT HAPPENED?

OCH, I FORGOT WHERE THE RING WAS. BUT IT'S GRAND UP THERE, MON. BETTER THAN GLASGOW FAIR!



## Up In Arms



THUS OPERATION "MARKET GARDEN" WAS BORN.  
ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING, IN THE QUIET  
KENTISH COUNTRYSIDE...

WE LAND EIGHT MILES WEST  
OF ARNHEM HERE. WILSON'S  
MOB WILL GO IN FIRST  
TO LAY DOWN NYLON  
COLOUR-STRIPS AND SMOKE  
FLOATS. THEN IT'S  
OUR SHOW.



ARNHEM WAS A TRAGEDY OF BROKEN-DOWN COMMUNICATIONS,  
OF POCKETS OF MEN FIGHTING FEROCIOUSLY AGAINST  
STEADILY-MOUNTING ENEMY OPPOSITION.

WHAT THE DEVIL'S HAPPENED  
TO OUR SUPPORT TROOPS?  
FOR PETE'S SAKE, FOSTER,  
CAN'T YOU GET THROUGH  
TO THEM?

NO GOOD,  
SARGE. PLENTY OF  
MUSH BUT NOTHING  
THAT MAKES  
SENSE.



## Up In Arms

FAIRFAX'S SECTION WAS TRAPPED IN A HOUSE BASEMENT, CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE FROM ENEMY GUNS.

THE WHOLE HOUSE IS ON FIRE. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT OF HERE... OR BE SMOKED OUT LIKE RATS!

THERE'S A WAY OUT THE BACK. MIGHT BE WORTH TRYING.



BUT THE ENEMY HAD ANTICIPATED THEIR MOVE. AS THEY CAME OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT, SMOKE-BLINDED AND CHOKING, A CORDON OF BLACK-CLAD S.S. MEN AWAITED THEM.

THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS, TOMMIES. YOU ARE FORTUNATE. WE DON'T USUALLY TAKE PRISONERS... BUT THIS TIME WE NEED INFORMATION.



BUT LYNCH, AS USUAL, REFUSED TO SURRENDER, WHATEVER THE ODDS AGAINST HIM.

THE SCOT'S ACCURATELY THROWN GRENADE EXPLODED AT THE FEET OF S.S. TROOPS AND FAIRFAX WAS QUICK TO SEIZE THE CHANCE IT OFFERED.

MOVE, BOYS...  
STRAIGHT AT 'EM!



THEY WERE FIGHTING AT CLOSE QUARTERS  
... GRIM, MURDEROUS COMBAT WITH  
NO MERCY GIVEN OR ASKED FOR.



## Up In Arms

THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, THEY WERE THROUGH  
...POUNDING ALONG A HARROW ALLEYWAY  
OFF THE STREET.

HAWKINS AND SEDDON WERE  
KILLED IN THAT FIRST RUN...  
AND MY GUN'S EMPTY. WHAT  
DO WE DO NOW? SURROUND  
THE JERRY ARMY?

THERE  
MUST BE  
SOME OF OUR  
BOYS IN THE  
AREA.



FAIRFAX DREW BACK SHARPLY... THE COBBLED STREET  
AT THE END OF THE SHADY PASSAGE THUNDERED  
AND SHOOK TO THE CLANKING TRACKS OF HEAVY  
TANKS!

GET BACK! THEY'RE  
BRINGING UP THEIR  
TANKS!



GRIFFIN WAS RIGHT. THE FOUR PARATROOPERS WERE  
CAUGHT IN A STEEL TRAP, THEIR AMMUNITION SPENT.

TWELVE OF OUR MEN  
KILLED BY YOU MURDERING  
BRITISH SWINE! THROW  
DOWN YOUR GUNS  
... SCHNELL!



WE'VE NO CHOICE,  
LADS. ALL THAT JOKER  
NEEDS IS AN EXCUSE  
TO LET US HAVE IT.

FARFAX GASPED IN AGONY AS THE RIFLE-BUTT THUMPED INTO HIS BACK WITH BRUTAL SICKENING FORCE.

I HAVE NO TIME TO DEAL WITH THIS TRASH. THE GESTAPO WANT THEM FOR INTERROGATION. TAKE THEM TO THEIR H.Q. AT UIDHUIZEN.

GET INSIDE  
...PIG!

AS THE VAN SPED ALONG THE ARROW-STRAIGHT ROAD OF THE FLAT DUTCH COUNTRYSIDE...

UIDHUIZEN! THAT'S THIRTY MILES FROM THE GERMAN BORDER! WONDER WHAT JERRY'S GOT LINED UP FOR US.

IT'S THE GESTAPO, SPENCE! INTERROGATION! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS - QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. WE SUPPLY THE ANSWERS . . . OR ELSE!

## Chapter 3. Spirit of the Brave

SUDDENLY, THEY HEARD THE VICIOUS WHIPLASH OF SUB MACHINE GUNS. THE VAN LURCHED WILDLY, AND THE NEXT MOMENT...



FAIRFAX REVIVED TO FIND HIMSELF LYING ON THE GRASS VERGE WITH THREE DUTCH PEASANTS WATCHING HIM STOLIDLY.

WHAT HAPPENED?  
WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE DUTCH RESISTANCE,  
MEINHEER. WE DID NOT KNOW  
YOU WERE PASSENGERS. WE  
WERE TOLD HEIDEGGER WOULD  
BE TRAVELLING IN THIS VAN.  
... AND HE IS A  
GESTAPO OFFICER.





## Up In Arms

AND SO, FOR TEN LONG WEEKS, THE FOUR PARATROOPERS CHAFED IN IDLENESS, WAITING FOR THE SLOW PROCESS OF TIME TO HEAL GRIFFIN'S BROKEN LEG. AT LAST...

HE WILL BE READY TO MOVE IN A WEEK... BUT HAVE A CARE... THE GESTAPO ARE EXTENDING THEIR SEARCH. LAST WEEK, THEY TOOK AWAY THREE OF MY COUNTRYMEN. THOSE DEVILS NEVER GIVE UP!



EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE SCREECH OF CAR BRAKES ROUSED FAIRFAX FROM SLEEP AND HE MOVED ACROSS TO THE WINDOW. HIS HEART STOOD STILL!

THIS IS THE PLACE... JUST AS THAT DUTCH VERMIN DESCRIBED IT BEFORE HE DIED! SEARCH, IT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!

IT'S THE S.S.!



THEY LISTENED TENSELY TO THE CLUMPING OF JACKBOOTS ON THE FLOOR BELOW.  
THERE WAS A PAUSE, AND THEN...

UP THERE... IN  
THE LOFT. SCHLIPPEN  
... MAYER...  
SEARCH IT  
THOROUGHLY.

THIS IS IT, LADS. YOU  
KNOW WHAT TO DO,  
SPENCE. MAKE A NOISE  
TO DRAW THEM, AND  
LYNCH AND I WILL  
JUMP THEM FROM  
BEHIND.



AS THE SEARCHERS SWUNG ROUND TO CHECK THE SOUND, LYNCH AND FAIRFAX ROSE  
FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACE. ALL THEY HAD WERE THEIR BARE HANDS...



## Up In Arms

THEN FAIRFAX AND LYNCH MOVED TO THE HATCH,  
CAPTURED SCHMEISSER'S FLAMING.

SCHLIFFEN,  
WHERE . . .?  
ACHTUNG!  
THE BRITISH...  
ARRRGH!



WE'LL HIDE THESE BODIES  
UNDER THE HAY, THEN  
TAKE THEIR CAR. THINK  
YOU CAN MAKE IT,  
NOSHER?



BUT THE ROADS WERE CHOKED WITH MILITARY TRAFFIC STREAMING SOUTH. THE FOUR FUGITIVES WERE FORCED TO BY-PASS IT ON NARROW COUNTRY LANES.

ALL THAT STUFF HEADING SOUTH. MUST BE SOMETHING BIG BREWING DOWN THERE, JOCK.

MAYBE OUR BOYS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH. WE OUGHT TO BE THERE WITH THEM . . . NOT JOY-RIDIN' ABOOT THE COUNTRYSIDE!



JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL, FAIRFAX PULLED UP AND POINTED TO AN ENORMOUS FREIGHT TRAIN STARTING TO CRAWL OUT OF THE RAILWAY SIDINGS. ITS WAGONS WERE LADEN WITH HUGE, SHEETED OBJECTS.

IT'S NO USE. WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS WAY. BUT THERE'S OUR CHANCE. THAT'S A JERRY TRAIN MOVING TANKS UP TO THE LINE. WHY DON'T WE HOP ABOARD? IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

SURE,  
WHY  
NOT?



## Up In Arms

THEIR AUDACITY PAID OFF. THEY CLIMBED ABOARD UNSEEN AND THE VAST TRAIN MOVED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE WINTER COUNTRYSIDE. AS DAWN BROKE NEXT MORNING...

LOOK AT THOSE PANZERS, LADS. THEY'RE TIGERS AND THE ROAD'S COVERED IN STRAW. WHAT'S GOING ON?

LOOKS LIKE JERRY'S PLANNING SOMETHING REALLY BIG...AND KEEPING IT SECRET! AND WE'RE IN ON IT!



FAIRFAX WAS RIGHT. THEY HAD STUMBLLED ON TO HITLER'S LAST DESPAIRING BID TO AVERT DEFEAT. THEY WERE WITNESSING THE OPENING PHASES OF THE GREAT ARDENNES OFFENSIVE. THE LAST THROW OF A CRAZY GAMBLER!

WE HAVE CHOSEN WELL. THE FOG OUR WEATHER MEN PROMISED IS STARTING TO COME DOWN. THAT WILL GROUND THEIR PLANES. AT TEN HUNDRED HOURS WE BREAK THROUGH THE LOSHER GAP AND OVERRUN THE AMERICAN POSITIONS. HEIL HITLER!



PRESENTLY, AS THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN,  
THE FOUR FUGITIVES SCRAMBLED CLEAR,  
AIDED BY THE SWIRLING FOG.

WHICH WAY  
DO WE GO,  
NOW?

KEEP STRIKING  
WESTWARDS. OUR LADS  
CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.  
AT LEAST THIS FOG  
IS ON OUR SIDE.



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF MASSED ARTILLERY SHOOK THE EARTH. THE EXHAUSTS OF THE GREAT PANZERS ROSE TO AN EAR-SPLITTING SNARL. THE GREAT ARDENNES OFFENSIVE HAD BEGUN!

THE FUHRER WAS  
RIGHT. IF THIS FAILS,  
THE THIRD REICH IS  
CONQUERED! WE  
DARE NOT FAIL!  
IT IS UNTHINKABLE!





AS THE OTHERS TURNED IN RELIEF, FAIRFAX HESITATED  
... WARNED BY SOME INWARD INSTINCT OF DANGER.

HEY, WHADDYA KNOW! A  
BUNCH OF LIMEYS! GLAD  
TO MEET YA, BUDDIES.  
HOW DID YOU GET...

HI, YANKS. FIRST TIME I  
EVER SAW A BUNCH OF  
G.I.'S THAT WASN'T  
CHEWING GUM.



UNWITTINGLY, GRIFFIN CONFIRMED  
JOHNNY FAIRFAX'S SUSPICIONS...

NOSHER! SPENCE!  
LOOK OUT... THEY'RE  
HOT YANKS! THEY'RE  
JERRY FAKES!  
THEY'RE GOING  
TO FIRE!

THE DIRTY  
TWISTERS!



## Up In Arms



BUT LYNCH'S FIGHTING INSTINCTS HAD BEEN AROUSED. HE GATHERED UP AN AMMUNITION BELT FROM ONE OF THE GERMAN BODIES AND STARTED TO MOVE OFF.

PLEASE YERSelf WHAT YE DO, JOHNNY. I'M GONNA LOOK FOR MORE O' THESE JERRY DOUBLE-CROSSERS! AND WHEN I FIND 'EM...!



COME BACK,  
HUGHIE! THAT'S  
NO WAY TO  
SETTLE IT!



NO? THEN TRY TO  
STOP ME, YE BIG  
ENGLISH GOWK!

OKAY, JOCK...  
IF IT'S GOT TO  
BE THAT WAY!

## Up In Arms

FAIRFAX'S FIST CLIPPED LYNCH ACROSS THE JAW  
... A SHORT, POWER-PACKED PUNCH WITH  
THIRTEEN STONE OF MUSCLE BEHIND IT. LYNCH SLUMPED TO THE GROUND.

FOR IT, HUGHIE.  
THE WAY YOU FEEL,  
YOU'D TRY TO SHOOT IT OUT  
WITH A JERRY PANZER!  
SOMEBODY HAD TO  
SNAP YOU OUT  
OF IT!

PRESENTLY LYNCH CAME ROUND. HE GLARED UP TRUCULENTLY AT FAIRFAX... THEN HIS RUGGED FACE BROKE INTO A GRIN.

MON, YE CARRY A WICKED WALLOP FOR A SASSENACH! GUESS I LOST MY HEAD AWHLIE BACK. THANKS FOR THE REMINDER... BUT YE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS WHEN WE COME OUT OF THIS!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, JOCK. NOW LET'S GET TO HECK OUT OF HERE!

NIGHTFALL FOUND THEM WANDERING HOPELESSLY IN THE FREEZING FOG, WITH THE DISTANT ROAR OF GUNS POUNDING THE AIR. JUST AFTER DAWN NEXT DAY, THE FOG LIFTED MOMENTARILY. . . .

TAKE A LOOK, JOCK. THREE SHERMANS SLUGGING IT OUT WITH TIGERS. AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE WE ARE NOW.

LOOKS LIKE THE YANKS ARE PLANNING TO BLOW UP THE BRIDGE.



THEY PASSED THE WRECKAGE OF TWO BURNED-OUT GERMAN TANKS AND REACHED THE SPOT WHERE THE OUTNUMBERED, OUT-GUNNED SHERMANS HAD FOUGHT IT OUT TO THE DEATH.

HOLD IT, YOU TWO! DON'T MOVE... OR I FIRE!

OKAY, PAL, WE'RE ENGLISH. ALL WE WANT TO DO IS TO GET BACK TO OUR OWN MOB.



THE FOG WAS CLOSING IN AGAIN, GRIPPING THE LAND IN ITS DAMP, FREEZING FINGERS.

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. OUR DEMOLITION BOYS ARE WORKING ON THE BRIDGE. IF THE KRAUTS GOT THROUGH WITH THOSE BIG TIGER BABIES . . . THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE.



EVEN AS THE SENTRY SPOKE, FAIRFAX HEARD THE SULLEN RUMBLE OF A GERMAN PANZER APPROACHING. IT MATERIALISED OUT OF THE SWIRLING FOG AND ITS 88 MM. GUN CRACKED OUT . . .

THEY'VE GOT THE DEMOLITION CREW!

NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! THEY'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF US! THEY'LL BLAST US FROM HERE TO BREAKFAST.



AND THEN FAIRFAX TURNED TO SEE LYNCH RUNNING BACK ALONG THE BRIDGE.

JOCK! GET BACK! THEY'LL RUN YOU DOWN!

SO LONG,  
JOHNNY. THIS  
IS FOR NOSHER  
AN' SPENCE!



A SHELL EXPLODED ON THE BRIDGE PARAPET IN A SHOWER OF STONE SPLINTERS AND FLYING STEEL. LYNCH SWAYED, STAGGERED, THEN GATHERED HIS STRENGTH AND HURLED HIMSELF AT THE DETONATOR BOX.

LOOK AT THAT CRAZY  
LITTLE GUY! HE'S  
GONNA MAKE IT!  
HE'S GONNA  
MAKE IT!

HE'LL MAKE IT! WHEN  
LYNCH STARTS A JOB,  
HE FINISHES IT!



*Up In Arms*

HIS LIPS CURLED BACK IN A DEFIDENT GRIN, WITH THE LAST REMNANTS OF HIS BEING STRENGTH, HUGHIE LYNCH RAMMED THE PLUNGER HOME !





SLOWLY FAIRFAX RAISED HIS HAND IN SALUTATION,  
THEN TURNED AWAY TOWARDS HIS OWN LINES.

SO LONG, JOCK.  
GIVE MY REGARDS  
TO NOSHER. I'LL  
BE SEEING YOU.



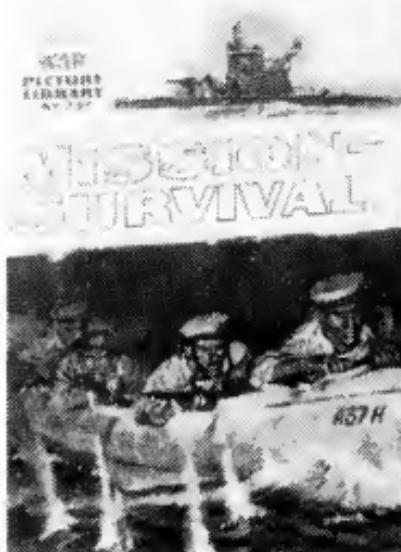
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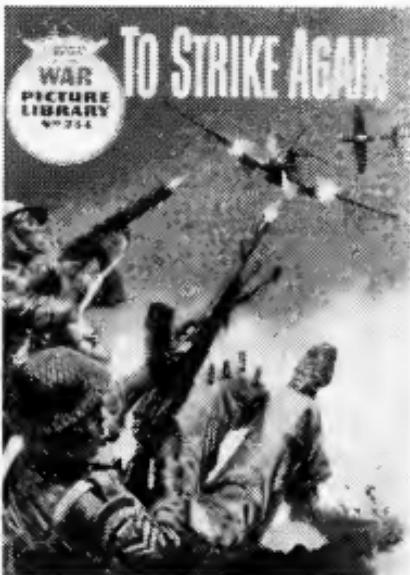
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